DESULTORY NOTES ON HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER AND ON HIS LITERARY AND SOCIAL LIFE.

(FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

It happens often enough that a man's death brings suddenly to light a much greater mass of regard and admiration for him than had been expressed during his life. This is what has happened in Arnold's death. The tributes to his character and genius are astonishing to one who has noted the currents of opinion about him in recent years. I should always have said that his, Arnold's, fame though of the highest, was not in England itself a wide or general renown. He himself did not believe it to be. It might have been likened to the reputation which a great physiologist or great chemist commonly has. He is a celebrity among physiologists and chemists; perhaps among men of science in general; but not with the public unless to his scientific attainments he adds, as so few do, the power of expres sion in writing. So it might have been said of Arnold that the sources of his reputation were to be sought among men of letters. His power of expression in writing was surpassed by that of no man of his time, yet not even this power brought him, or seemed to bring him, general popularity. His books were read, not indeed by one class, but by limited classes. I think it very pessible that they were better known in America than here; a remark true, or true at first, of many of the best modern English authors in many different fields. It was true of Carlyle, and it was true of Mr. Herbert Spencer. I choose two examples as far

However that may be, the outburst of admiration which has followed upon Arnold's death proves that he had reached a much wider circle than was supposed or than he himself had supposed. I wish he could have known the real truth. He used to say that his public was not and could not be a large one. Tuesday's newspapers would have convinced him to the contrary. The newspapers in this country do not devote columns to the death of men who are but the heroes of cotories. To a surprising degree he had acquired that reflex or secondary renown which, in the case of a really great writer, is often the most extensive. The number of people who had read about him was greater than of those who had read him; or who had read and mastered what he himself most valued in his work. The and magazines in which late so often had brought him into direct contact with an audience more numerous than that to which his books had introduced him. He had lived to see the ideas and phrases which he had coined pass into general circulation. So long ago had this come to pass that they had lived through that decisive yet not always pleasant period of popularity when the caricaturist and the buffoon fasten upon them. Who has not heard culture ridiculed? Who does not know the wretched impostors who have strutted about in Arnold's cast-off clothes, and presented themselves to a credulous public as the true prophets of a gos pel which they knew only by its catchwords? Their profession of it tended to bring it into a contempt which nothing but a genuine inspiration could have survived. Much has been said of Arnold's place in English

literature and of his influence upon it, but the English themselves do not seem to be aware of one service he rendered them which may be ranked among the most useful of all. He taught them to understand what the French mean by a sense of form in prose literature. Lucidity first of all; the word is one of those which he has added to the common stock of commonplaces; but also something much more than lucidity. He has defined the merits of French style as the merits of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. But it is not style only which is here in question; it is the shaping and ordering of whatever literary work the writer has to attempt; the recognition of the fact that there exist certain rules, arbitrary in part, in part springing from the genius of the language, or from the natural love of symmetry and beauty which dwells in the human was often a suggestion; but whichever it was it was profoundly instructive. He acknowledged Sainte Beuve as his master; to some extent Sainte Beuve was his spiritual father. He adopted and practised the method of the Frenchman, whom he first commended to the English public as the finest critical intelligence of modern times. He imitated neither Sainte Beuve nor any other writer. His style is of his own creation; or rather is a natural growth and the natural expression of his own mind; natural, but as a delicate fruit is natural, by help of all that art and care can do toward the perfecting of it. There are habits of expression to be found in Arnold's prose to which a French critic would take serious exception, but that is not the point. No style is perfect, and Arnold found himself in the position of being compelled first to attract and then to hold public attention. He knew the value of a phrase that fixes itself in the memory. He knew the value of repetition; the dulness of the public is such that to say a thing once is of little use. But he sacrificed no essential quality of style to this desire to fulfil his apostolic mission. This, however, is not the place to develop such considerations as these. I indicate them and pass

on. Nor do I enter upon a discussion of Arnold's poetry or of his religious and political work and influence. Those who care for his poetry care for it more than for any other, or almost any other, of his time. Those who do not, cannot be coaxed into liking it. His religious or theological influence he himself thought conservative. remember his astonishment when to some account of a late book on this subject -I think "God and the Bible"-you, or rather as I said before, one of the wilder spirits in your office, prefixed the headline "British Unbelief." He saw how much there is in current theological dogmas which it has become impossible to preserve. All the more he wanted to preserve what had not become impossible. But the orthodox were furious, and, I suppose, may for some time yet continue to be furious. If they but knew it, Arnold was on their side, only wiser than they. He had no better fate in his handling of political topics. He was not and could not be a partisan. He applied to current disputes the solvent of a clear intelligence to which | the people to whom literature and art are more nothing was entirely admirable. I am afraid, had he been an American, you would have called him, as you call a man of a very different order of mind, Mr. Lowell, a Mugwump. His treat- reach. He had been staying this year at a house I mean, but into that I will not venture. Of persons he wrote with a freedom that sometimes gave offence. "Friendship's Garland" had long since proved that he had no prudishness in saying what he thought ought to be said, even though it might give pain to individuals. There was an almost equal want of reverence in his allusions to Mr. Sala and to Mr. Gladstone. His epithets sometimes stung; sometimes he changed them lest they might sting. It once happened that he said to a statesman with whom he had been conversing: . By the bye, I have written an article which is coming out in the next 'Nineteenth Century', in which I have called you an extraordinary young Nothing more was said, but when the article appeared the adjective extraordinary, which was probably used in an equivocal sense, had been cancelled, and a laudatory one had been substituted. The talk had shown him how he had misjudged his man. He proved, in one celebrated instance, how little he really had of that selfish vanity which is supposed to be characteristic of whatever else may be thought of it, one of the

pose, he named them. His books are full of examples, and posterity will be in many cases not a little puzzled to identify these flies in amber.

His circumstances in life have been much commented on. He was never rich and never poor. His Inspectorship of Schools gave him a moderate income, his books brought him in something, he was paid high prices for those magazine articles which he wrote rather freely late in life. When he resigned his place in the Education Department he continued to receive, under the rules governing the English Civil Service, a yearly sum equal to two-thirds of his salary. He had a pension upon the civil list of \$1,250 a year in addition. Twice in his life, however, he sacrificed brilliant opportunities. The first was when, upon his marriage, he resigned his place as private secretary to the late Lord Lansdowne, which he held from 1847 to 1851. I always understood that he gave this up in order to marry, though why a private secretaryship should be thought incompatible with matrimony it is not easy to see. Perhaps it was a caprice of Lord Lansdowne. To be private secretary in those days to a nobleman like Lord Lansdowne was to be sure of preferment, unless something happened to displease the nobleman. It was not natural that Arnold should pass from such a post to a mere school inspectorship. But if he made any sacrifice to marry, assuredly he never regretted it; he rejoiced in his domestic life. The second opportunity was during Mr Gladstone's Ministry of 1880. Arnold had then become recognized as the great writer he was. His services to education had gone far beyond the nature of his office, and his reports on Continental systems had impressed even the bureaucratic mind. Many men, and among them some Ministers, had long felt that the failure to provide some better place for a man like Arnold was a discredit to the Government. A Charity Commissionership fell opportunely vacant, worth \$6,000 a year. It was not magnificent, but it was reckoned a prize in the Civil Service; pay fairly good, a life berth, and the duties not too laborious. Arnold's friends bestirred themselves. Mr. Gladstone gave a promise. The appointment was as definitely settled as such a thing can be; the commission actually made out and waiting for signature. Just then came out in some review one of those articles in which Arnold assailed the Dissenters with that gentle and terrible ridicule which has so often infuriated its victims. They turned upon him. Mr. Chamberlain, I believe, became their mouth-piece; himself, of course, a Dissenter and a Philistine. It is impossible to know just what was said or done, or what influences were brought to bear on Mr. Gladstone, but Mr. Gladstone yielded-he, the Churchman of Churchmen, sacrificed the advocate and champion of his Church to the wrath of the Church's enemies. The Charity Commissionership was given to another. He never complained. All through his educational work he did the duties imposed upon him with cheerful loy alty. It was drudgery, but useful drudgery. What he might have done had fortune showered her favors on him, it is idle to guess. There is a theory that he abandoned poetry because he questioned whether his own sincerity and passion were sufficient, or were quite irrepressible in verse. But to one who once asked him why he wrote so little poetry in his later days, he answered: "Ah, if you knew how much harder it is than prose!"

Arnold's place in English society was not perhaps quite what his American friends may have supposed. It is natural to imagine that the company of a man so gifted would be sought everywhere, and so it would have been everywhere but in England. In England it was sought, but not universally, until a comparatively late period. He was, of course, known to and liked by many of the best people in the best circles of that huge whirlpool to which the name society is now given. Thirty or forty years ago he might not have been much regarded by the merely fashionable world. Things have moved rapidly since then, and most rapidly of all during the latter part of that eventful period. Yet Hayward, who knew if any man knew what London society was like, once selected Arnold as the type of distinguished man whom the butterflies did not care for. We were discussing one morning at breakfast-it was in the days when breakfasts were still given-the way in which society was made up. Hayward said that literary men had no real position there, and he related how he had lately been asked to compose a list for a lady of great mind. He affirmed certain principles. His crit-icism, indeed, was not always an affirmation; it parties and dinners. "She would not have anked me." said Hayward, " if I had put Matthew Arnold's name down." sented; especially one man whose house had a renown of its own for smart assemblies. Hayward turned on him sharply: "Lady --- gave a party last night to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Whom had you there among all the writers and journalists and painters you know?" The suddenness of the assault took him by surprise, but he contrived, by good luck, to indicate two or three of the company then present who had been invited by his wife, or, more probably, by himself. "Well," growled Huyward, you don't pretend you had Arnold?"

This little scene occurred some ten years ago. perhaps twelve. It remains true that among those two or three sets of fushionable and (sometimes) frivolous but generally charming women who dispute among themselves precedence in smartness Arnold was not a very frequent guest. They would, if they had thought on the matter, have said when challenged, "Oh, he is not in our set." A lady who had met him said he frightened her. and on being further interrogated explained that it was his gravity of manner which caused this state of alarm.

A still more significant anecdote may be related. One of Arnold's friends was lunching on Monday with a lady of great social position whose rank is as high, or nearly as high, as any subject of the crown can hold, and who bears an illustrious name. The news of Arnold's death had just come, and this guest mentioned it to his hostess. She received it with a blank face-blank but for the expression of that effort toward polite interest which good breeding induced. Arnold's name was clearly unknown to her. By an effort of memory she presently identified him as a man who had written books.

He had, of course, the society he cared most for. He was a favorite with many of the most cultivated and intellectual people who make part of the English aristocracy, and was to be met at dinners, and even parties, for which perhaps be did not greatly care, and in some of the most delightful country houses in England. It is needless to say that in the world of letters and among than fashion he was something more than a favorite: he held the place awarded to a master. Any thing he desired socially was easily within his ment of the Irish question is an example of what | not far from London, whose owner is one of the ornaments of the patrician order; one of those men of character and brilliant capacities whom it is permissible to the most severe Republican to admire in spite of his rank. Arnold's talk had kept the men-there were but two others, Dr. Jowett one of them-at table by themselves after dinner till long past the hour when custom required that they should rejoin the ladies. The ladies complained, and at once the other men agreed in laying the responsibility on Arnold. the time, we forgot you; we were listening to A friend told me yesterday a curious proof of devotion. "You know, Arnold dined with me pretty often, and liked his glass of port. I gave him, of course, my best, and I drank it with him always at the expense of a sharp attack of gout

Both at Wilton (Lord Pembroke's) and at Aston Clinton (Mr. Cyril Flower's) he had been a guest within the last few weeks, as often before, and at both houses was thought in great spirits; his talk was continuous, his health apparently good. authors. The attempt to explain the Trinity by But when a walk was proposed he said, "Yes, only a reference to "the three Lord Shaftesburys" was, you must go at my pace." And he spoke of so arranging his house in London as not to be obliged wittiest things in modern literature. But it gave offence, and, when he was convinced of that he expunged it, and expressed his regret for having wounded the susceptibilities of the very people who had least spared his. Nor did he ever seem to care how much publicity he conferred upon people of no importance. If they served his pur-

was fatal. It had liberated and set in motion a clot of blood, which then for nearly another day circulated in the system, until in its wanderings it reached the head, and perhaps the brain, when death was instantaneous. There was no reason why, but for some such accident, he might not

have lived for many years.

How charming he was amid a circle of people who suited him! With those who did not suit bim, and perhaps also among strangers, he could be less charming, and there were people, no doubt, who thought his manner-what shall I say ?-oppressive. I have heard it said that he had a a school-mastering manner. It may have been so at moments. He had been set for a great part of his life to examine little boys and girls in reading and arithmetic. He was an Inspector of Her Majesty's Schools-that was what the governing powers in this practical country thought the best use which they could find for this rare and delicate genius. He was tall and he had no choice but to look down on these poor little atoms of humanity with whom he came into these inspectorial relations. So, perhaps, other larger atoms of humanity conceived the notion that he carried his head high. Let it be admitted that his mental attitude was sometimes that of the superior person. It could not be otherwise. His function, one of his chief functions in life, was criticism, and the critic is by necessity superior to the person criticised, if only for the time being. He is judge over him, and so long as he is judge sits in a higher seat. Nor was Arnold's superiority temporary or accidental. He was, moreover, the most convinced of men. His very moderation of statement proves it. He had no ocasion to reassure himself by violence of language. Few men used fewer superlatives. His talk was less remarkable than his writing for brilliancy of phrase-making, but it was admirable talk, and with all his autocratic ideas he had the art, the indispensable art, of catching the note of the company he was in.

One thing I must add for my own sake, and that is an acknowledgment of my obligations to Arnold. His friendship was a possession impossible to value too highly, but what I now speak of is the influence of his writings. I owe more to them than to any, or almost any, of his time-in some very practical ways certainly more than to any other. This debt I share with others-with at least a whole generation. What his place may be in coming times it is useless to foretell. His influence, it has been well said, was so potent, the effect of it so thorough, that much of his work may be said to be done, and much of it lives in the writings and thoughts of other men. Thus, if not otherwise, has Arnold left a mark on English literature never to be effaced. So long as men admire purity, delicacy, distinction, sanity, so long will be in whom these qualities were supreme be a venerated and beloved figure.

G. W. S.

EXTRAORDINARY TRICK OF A CASHIER.

HIDDEN MILLIONS IN THE GREEK TREASURY.

rom The London Dally News; Athens letter.

From The London Daily News; Athens letter.

It is not an Arabian Nights' tale I am going to relate, but a real hieldent (already announced to you by which. Our newspapers are full of it, and perhaps you may feel sufficiently interested in this extraordinary and, I should think, unprecedented event, to find room for a more detailed account. You know our Prime Minister. He has lived several years in London, and you have published many an article about him. But you do not know that "Prime Minister' is not half expressive enough of what Mr. Tricoupis is to us. He is Prime Minister of our Parliament, Minister of War, Minister of Finance, avowedly; moreover he is, de facto, Minister of Marine, Minister of Porigin Affairs, and of almost everything else. Mr. Tricoupis has, from the day he came into office, given up ten out of his mineteen hours' daily work to the Ministery of Pinance, which needed it.

The fruits of his work were not long ripening. The country's resources increased, the taxes yielded more and for the first time after many years the National balance sheet bade fair to show on the right side. Povertheless, the public treasury seemed to benefit nothing. Mr. Tricoupis could not make it out. He asked the "Chief Central Cashier" to lay before him every evening a balance sheet of the cash in hand. The balance sheet was produced regularly as clock-work, only the liven "Payments in Suspense" seemed to swell and the balance in hard cash to become less. Mr. Tricoupis could not understand it. Simultaneously with this dwindling of the cash in hand. The public treasury, the Opposition pressual country is induced in long articles lamenting the country's induced in long articles lamenting the country's indulged in long arti day the Chief Central Cashier brought in his cally balance-sheet, showing a balance of 25 francs. The balance-sheet, showing a balance of 25 francs. The Minister starred and wondered at the coincidence of the maximum heat of the Opposition with the minimum ebb of the cash balance. He said nothing, but a suspicion crossed his mind, and he set about sifting and comparing the balance-sheets which had been handed him. Very soon he found discrepancies with the general statements in the accountant's department. His sebb of the cash balance. He said about sifting and picton crossed his mind, and he set about sifting and comparing the balance-sheets which had been handed him. Very soon he found discrepancies with the general statements in the accountant's department. His doubts grew stronger, until one fine morning (Friday last) he made his appearance in the Ministry at the last) he made his appearance in the Ministry at the undsual hour of 7 o'clock, sent for three of the highest officials, and had all the neadful documents drawn up and signed there and then, appointing them "a committee for examining and accretaining the exact state of the treasury," or something to that effect.

Shortly afterward this committee were standing at the door of the Treasury Department, and when the Chief Central Cashier made his appearance he was politely called upon to deliver his books and the keys of his strong rooms and safes. He appearance he was politely called upon to deliver his books and the keys were delivered. The examination began straightway. And what did the committee discover? A deficit? No, no deficit; on the contrary a surplus, and a good, round surplus—plump and living. The balance sheet submitted to the Minister on the previous evening showed a cash balance of 35.000 franes, and you may judge the surplus of the committee when they laid hands on a large bundle of bank notes, and counted 10, 20, 20, 40, 50, 60, 100, 200 thousand franes. You can picture how they rubbed their hands with joy, and plunged them into the safes once more. Another bundle, another counting—a total of 400,000 franes, More plunges into the safes and strong rooms, more bundles of banknotes, more parcels of Napoleons, more bags of dellars, and when the counting was over the sum total of the surplus reached six millions odd thousand francs? The news spread like wildfre, and the whole Ministry of Flunce, from the Ministry down to the clerks and commissionalres, were soon dancing about in give a serupulously house filling about the news. After the first surp

SHE PUT HIM TO THE TEST.

From The Boston Courier.

"Yes, darling," he said, in tones of deep tenderness, "I would do anything to show my love for you."

"Ah!" sighed the gentle maden, "that's what all men say when they are striving to win a woman's heart." "Put me to the proof," he exclaimed, in wild passionate tones; "put me to the proof, test me, and see if I fall. Set me any task within the bounds of possibility and it shall be performed."
"Ah," she murmured, "If I could only believe

"Ah," she marmared, "I I coold only bolieve you."
"Put me to the test. Sey to me to do this or do that and it shall be done."
"Then I will put you to the test."
"Ah," he exclaimed, exuitingly, "you shall behold the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the circumference of my love! What is the test?"
The maiden dropped hor snowy lids until the sliken lashes resided on the peach bloom of her check, a slight sante dimplet the corners of her mouth, and bending over the youth who knelt at her box she whispered:
"Merry some other girl!" "Marry some other girl!"

BLIPS OF THE TONOUR

ELIPS OF THE TONOUR

From The Merchant World.

Metathesia—the transposition of letters in a word—is a source of many clorical mishaps. A writer in a late number of "The Spectator" adduced some curious examples of this permitious habit. He clies the case of a clergyman who, wishing to say that "we all knew what it was to have a half-formed wish in our hearts," astonished his hearers by announcing "that we all knew what it was to have a half-warmed fish in our hearts;" and of another, who, having "started

LOCATION OF MOUNT ARABAR

TAKEN FROM MANY LIPS.

COMMENT, OPINION AND INCIDENT GATH-ERED HERE AND THERE. Samuel Barton, who is a relative of the Vanderbilts, is a stout, well-built man, approaching fifty years of age, with a pleasing face and dark brown mustache. In politics he is a Democrat, but his theory of political economy runs counter to that of his party at the present time. He believes in protective tariff as an American principle of government. In chatting with him the other day, I inquired if he did not find himself lonesome through holding this policy, when he re-

"Not at all. I find Democratic companions on that special question numerous." When I asked him what this element of the Demo-

cratic party would do in the coming Presidential con-

"That depends upon who is nominated for President. We would scarcely vote for any of your old fellows, that have been quarrelling among themselves for the past twenty or thirty years, but if you will put up a new man, a man for instance, like Chauncey M. Depew, we will all vote for him. Mr. Depew can carry the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Connecticut with an overwhelming majority."

Mr. Barton has a son, twenty-four years of age, who is making some stir in Florida. He has purchased a large property on the east side of Lake Worth, exending over to the ocean, where he has built a hotel, and is building a railroad. It is near Jupiter Inlet and below the frost line. Mr. Barton himself is in-terested in railroads in Florida, and told me the particulars of a struggle which the railroads recently had with the State authorities. It seems that a Railroad Commission had been established there something over a year ago, which conceived the idea that it must limit the passenger fare to three cents a mile. "It was very hard to convince them," said Mr. Bar-ton, "that a sparsely settled State, with a small population and light local travel, should not have rail or transportation at the same price as the people of the great State of New-York, where the population is dense and the travel enormous. They speedily found, however, that their exactions were keeping people out of the State, and they raised the limit to four and a half cents.

Ex-Commissioner Rollin M. Sjuire is a noted story eller and whenever he appears in a public place i surrounded by a group of acquaintances intent on listening to him. One of his stories told recently was that of an Irish drill sergeant who had been put in charge of an awkward squad. At the word of command about, bringing himself exactly in the same position from which he started.

"Hely Moses " shricked the drill sergeant, "Phat does yez mane by tornin' completely about, when I sez right face ?"

The recenit was as awkward in his answer as he had been in his manoeuvring and the old sergeant, with the intention of sending him to the guard house, gemended his name.
"Turner," suid the man, whereupon Irish wit as-jerted itself and the old sergeant said;
"Begorra, and yez couldn't help it then."

Commodore Van Santvoord has received the play-New-York Central Railroad with whom he recently came in conflict. In connection with his line of Hudson River boats he has a dock at the foot of West Twentyseoud st., which the New-York Central people have bean using to land their cars from floats. When the Commoore presented his bill recently for the use of this dock they deemed it excessive and protested vigorously. The they deemed it excessive and protested vigorously. For a commodere used mild endeavors to persuade them to pay the bill but without making and progress. A little over a week ago he caused the Albany steamer of his line to be run into the Twenty-second-st. dock, completely shutting off the floats. Within the next forty-clight hours his bill was settled on his terms and a contract made for another year, and at the same time he got the new title of Admiral.

Some of the police of New-York who have been connected with the force for a long time become well known among many people. This is the case with big, good-natured, smooth-faced German, called Jake," who protected the children of Gramercy Park for twelve or fifteen years, but is now on the retired list by reason of age. Almost any bright day during his period of service, he might be seen with a cluster his period of service, no might be seen with a cluster of boys and girls around him, walking slowly about the park enclosure. He had the German leve for children which made him a good companion as well as guardian. Since he has left the force he goes about dressed in black broadcloth, and looks like a prosperous retired merchant.

Chauncey M. Depew is overwhelmed with the burden of letters and newspapers with marked notices that are pouring in upon him until his morning mail looks like a small-sized post office. Everything that he says or does is in some way picked up and carried on the winds until it finds publication somewhere, although very often in such a distorted shape that it is not recognized. One of these instances occurred rehe was said to have talked about commercial travellers, and to have related how they had the habit of taking a wife in every city through which they travel, after the in every port. The commercial travellers of the country began defending themselves and Mr. Depew was esleged with indignant protests which came in hun dreds of letters and led him to write to one of his correspondents, who was more severe than the others, that he could not recollect ever having spoken of com mercial travellers in any way, shape or manner, let alone the manner indicated. Probably the greatest burden which comes to a man situated as Mr. Depew s, is that of speechmaking. He is called upon from

The artist and publisher, D. N. Carvalho, taking adantage of public interest in Mr. Depew, has issued a strikingly correct photo-lithographic reproduction of is features and has found already such wide sale for them that his profits have richly remunerated him for the undertaking. He sent recently a number of sample copies of these lithographs to Mr. Depow's office at the Grand Central Station, where they were spread about in great profusion and caused the politi cians who called that day on Mr. Depew to jump to the conclusion that he was beginning a systematic move-ment to secure the Presidential nomination.

I had a chat the other day with Colonel Frederick D. Grant in an uptown place of resort, where he had dropped in to smoke a cigar rather than smoke it on the street, concerning the result of the publication of General Grant's " Memoirs." The total amount recived by Mrs. Grant up to the present time as her hare in the profits has been \$411,000, and 310,000 sets of the work have been sold. But for the rascality of a few agents and large purchasers, Mrs. Grant's One man who bought \$30,000 worth of the books falled in business and effected a settlement with his ereditors at ten cents on the dollar. Another purchaser of 20,000 sets has been dilatory in his payments and great difficulty is experienced in bringing in to a settlement. The sale of the "Memoirs" continues steadily, but only a small income is derived rom that source at present, as most of the sales acfrom that source at present, as most of the sales ac-crue to the agents who took large numbers of the work and still have copies on hand from which to sup-ply purchasers. It will be a year or two before the sales again become large enough to make any consid-erable Income to Mrs. Grant.

Writing of General Grant's affairs reminds me of his second son and namesake, who is known to his friends as "Buck" Grant. He is also in the publishing busicess, having acquired an interest in " The Cosmopolitan He is vice-president of the company which publishes that periodical. His wife was the daughter of the late Senator J. B. Chaffee, of Colo-The executor of Senator Chaffee's estate said ecently that the extensive mining and land investnents that the Senator had entered into have approclated in value since his death and become market-able, and that his daughter's fortune will not be far from half a million dellars.

Colonel Wilson Vance, of the Findlay (Ohio) Chamber of Commerce, has been in New-York for some weeks inviting manufacturing enterprises to go out there and build works. The special inducements held out to thom have been free sites for their buildings and free natural gas. The city controls the natural ges supply within its boundaries. Chatting about

this movement, Colonel Vance said:
"Since March 1 fourteen new manufacturing enterprises have been induced to establish themselves in Findley. They will employ an aggregate of 2,500 men, and include glass works from Bellaire, flint giass works from Wellsburg, W. Va.; pottery works from East Liverpool, aliminium works from New-York, lamp and chandeller works from New-York, edge-tool works, the plate and copper works, boller works and a *apor stove company. All of the concerns are under contract to have their works constructed and ready for operation by the 1st of September.

Eugene Field, the humorous writer, is as curious it writes a perfect hand, but so minute are the letters that they remind one of the attempts of penmen to new sentence in his manuscript or letter is begun with bright colored ink, while the remainder of the letter is in plain black. In one of his letters which was

I must repeat once more my belief that there never has been anything equal in merit to the Recamier Prepara-tions, my akin is so immensely improved by their use. It has grown so smooth and so fair that I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. Oct. Si.-I use Cream, Balm and Lotion every day of my life and could not exist comfortably without them. Recamier Soap also is perfect. I thought other soaps good, but I had never tried the Recamier. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all tollet soaps. London, Dec.—I hear the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Recamier the Princess of Wales is deligated with the Recumber Preparations. I shall certainly recommend them to Her Royal Highness when I next see her. I send you an autograph letter to inclose to the Princess of Wales. Later, from Spain.—I cannot tell you how anxfous I am to do all I can for the Recamier Preparations. I tell every one here in Spain how much they have done for me. I have spoken to the Queen about them and for me. I have spound to the queen such a letter from when I get to South America I hope to find a letter from you, telling me how I can best serve you there. I do want to help you, for I am convinced your Recamier Preparations are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them.

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.

You can have a beautiful complexion by using the Rocamier Cream, provided you avoid all cosmetics. It will remove the drange caused by cosmetics. It will remove pimples, liver spots, blackheads and redness of the skin. Any of these imperfections on a woman's face is equiva-lent to a painted sign, saying: "This woman is uncleanly in her personal habits; she does not think it worth while to make herself attractive." Send for free sample of Re-camier Powder. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 52 Park place,

be peak my services a year in advance. The mistake seems to be that the Lord didn't originally provide me with a double set of hands."

One of the bright writers of New-York, who is becoming widely known through correspondence and magazine articles, is Julian Ralph. He does not look a bit like a literary man. He is stoutly built, with a chubby face, aggressive nose, pertinacious manner He knows a great many men and and Bohemian air. He knows a great many men and a great many more know him. I met him the other day inspecting the marble with which the great Equitable Building is trimmed and adorned, and ascertained that he is writing for the Equitable Company a complete description of the building and its con-struction, which is to be published in book form and profusoly illustrated. A hundred thousand copies are to be printed and distributed for the purpose of ad-vertising the company and its business.

The collection of marble in the Equitable Building is a marvel. The whole world was ransacked for rare stone, and more than sixty kinds have been combined in the various decorations. Probably the rarest stone is the breechia marble from the west coast of Africa. Its Italian name, indicating broken stone, is also indicative of its character. It presents a face of broken stone, the result of some great upheaval of nature, which has been again cemented by the processes of nature forming a new marble, in which all the old pieces are combined, with a variety of tints and shades that an artist could not produce with his brushes, however skilled. This marble was in are at domand in the days of the Cie sars in Rome, and almost any price was paid for it. Other rare marbles are the Alps Green, blue turquin, Mexico and California only, rose des Pyrences, vert d' Egypt, rouge Acajou, veined Italian and Beigium black.

this country, in quality to work it, and has been mostly brought from Belgium. Recently quarries have been found in Colorado, but are not yet opened. Some black marble is found at Glens Falis, in this State, and ex-Governor A. B. Cornell is said to be the lucky possessor of a newly discovered and valuable quarry of it in the interior of New-York. In the Equitable Building there is marble from Europe, Africa, and North and South ty through which they travel, after the is martie from Europe, Airica, and opened his lips to lear who is supposed to have a sweetheart in the welson. Finally the property of the welson. Finally the property of the welson. America. In his palace at Charlottenberg, the late Emperor William had a mantel of onyx with gold and silver trimmings, which was made to order for him by the New-York concern which fitted up the Equitable Building. An exact duplicate of the mantel is set up in their works. Onyx is often tiuted in streaks by traces of iron or other oxides, which were subjected to the same heat in which it was formed, and the clear store is difficult to find. It seems odd to talk about sawing marble, but that is the way it is cut into slabs. The great stones are put into a bed in the same way as log and rolled under a set of saws, which are put at work by machinery and soon rip through the hard mass. The saws are soft sheet from with no teeth. The sand they make in rubbing against the stone serves as teeth, a stream of water being poured constantly upon the rock to keep the iron from heating.

The occasion of the annual banquet of the Furriers' Association, at the Hoffman House, on Wednesday caused me to inquire as to leading figures in the fur trade, which was the first great source of wealth to the Astor family. I was told that one of the leaders was John Ruszits, who is stout in figure, with a large, strong face and heavy gray mustache furriers' trade in London and came to this country in 1844. He always pays in cash for everything that he buys, he has never employed a commercial traveller, and at the procent time he carries in stock from \$800.000 to \$81,000,000 worth of furs. He is credited by his fellow tradesmen in the same line of business with a fortune of from four to five millions of dollars, and they speak of him having sturdy qualities of manhood which they all admire.

____ A ROMANCE.

Arlo Bates in The Providence Journal Arlo Bates in The Providence Journal

Boston society is excited—at second hand—over an clopement which took place in New-York. The youngman in the affair belongs to an old Boston family, but has gone into business in New-York. He became attached to a young lady, whose mother encourages the match until one day when she found out that she had been mistalion in regard to the extent of the youngman's income. He was everything which could be desired except rich, but the mother informed her daughter that as she had plenty of this world's goods herself she had a right to expect her bridegroom to be equally well provided.

The young woman probably replied that having an The young woman probably replied that having an moone nersoit, she could afford to dispense with it in her husband, and she might have added that her lover had a good business. She argued in vain with her mother, however, and discovering that her words were wasted, the damsel bethought herself of other resources. She applied to her uncle who, after a careful examination of the antecedents and character of the suitor, concluded to side with his nicee, and consented to aid her. Uncle and nice then went to the family paster, and without a great deal of difficulty convinced him that a want of income was not an imperable objection in the eyes of heaven or the church; so that he consented to unite the ardent young couple.

PAPER HOTTLES.

From The Edentific American.

One of the most inforesting of the many uses to which paper has been put is the manufacture of paper bottles. We have long had paper bottes, bernis and car wheele, and more recently paper polits, wash-basins, and other vessels; but now comes a further evolution of paper in the shape of paper bottles, which are already quite extensively used for containing such substances as ink, bluing, shoe dressing, glue, etc., and they would seem to be equally well adapted for containing a large variety of articles.

ey are made by rolling glued sheets of paper into They are made by foling gued anests of paper into long cylinders, which are then cut into suitable lengths, tops and bottoms are fitted in, the inside coaled with a waterproof compound, and all this done by machinery almost as quickly as one can count.

They are cheaper and lighter than glass, unbreakable,

They are cheaper and lighter than glass, unbreakable, and consequently very popular with consumers, while the right colored ink, while the remainder of the letter in plain black. In one of his letters which was nown to me yesterday, he congratulated himself in his strain: "I fancy that protty soon things will ue to the pass that publishers will be obliged to vantages to manufacturers who use bottles.

NEW-YORK LIFE. GAYLY THE TROUBADOUR When Music, heavenly maid, was young, people

who sang had voices. This was some time ago. The heavenly maid is now an elderly spinster, and everybody sings, a voice being an inferior consideration. In the Dark Ages of musical New-York all well-educated girls played the plane; only those sang who had a special "turn" for it. We have changed all this. The girl who plays the piano to-day is the rarest of birds, while the girl who sings is as common as English sparrows where poplars shiver. The Musical Man, vocal and instrumental, has also emerged from obscurity and broken his mute, inglorious silence, Melody flows from his lips in profuse strains of much premeditated art. Time was when he was the most precious of treasures, the Kohinoor among men. But this was ever so long ago-far back in those hazy

days when "Oulda" wrote her first novels. The favorite form of vocal expression is found in ballads. Tom likes love-ballads, Dick likes war-ballads, and Harry sea-ballads. As for the girls they always like more tender ballads-the kind where there is a sad third verse, at which one presses on the soft pedal and sings very faint and slow.

The ballad to be heard in all its glory should be heard at an amateur musicale. Here are all our old friends, gems in the social coronet. As well try to teach them anything new of the constitution and by-laws of society as instruct your grandmother in the art of suching eggs, though why that difficult branch of culture should be monopolized by grandmothers is a question to stagger Solomon. Mrs. Marabout is there, pink, puffy and panting, with her little fat feet in bronze silppers, tight to agony, crossed and protruding from the billowy edges of her skirts. They ook like two well-stuffed brown pincushions, but Mrs. Marabout looks at them with pensive pride, her head cocked like a bird's. She is also tight about the waist, and when she moves, something creaks dolor. ously, but it would take more than that to lower the haughty crest of Marabout. Over the top of her fan she spies about the room, her face broken by a smile when her glance meets familiar eyes.

Boys about Town are scattered through the room dark, thin figures, threading a perilous way between the tumbled masses of the women's trains, over which long, shifting lights gloat and glance. The dear little fellows look as fresh and downy as newly-hatched chicks, their heads are sleek and dark, their shirtbosoms stiff and luminously white, and their cheeks a tender pink, which causes them secret shame. Round the doorway is a group of long-legged men, petting their mustaches and murmuring together, while they gaze at the assemblage from beneath languid eyelids. Near by is La Cigale, slim and shining and finely finished, her gleaming hair coiled loosely, her slik bodice fitting as the water lily's burnished sheath fits the hidden bud; and the debutante who is craning her neck this way and that, for a glimpse of everybody, and whose vivacity bubbles out in little spluttering comments, which recollections of the social code strangle in the birth. Mammas, against the wall, yawn already behind their fans. Papas, in corners, with their knees wide apart, absently drawing limp gloves through a dangling red hand, stare with unseeing eyes at the performers. A new beauty to spied in the corner. Every one has a side look at her, and a murmured criticism to make to his neighbor. She appears superbly indifferent, moves her scented fan with a deep, regular sweep, turns her haughty head with studied languor, while the light from a branch of candles gleams glossily on her smooth shoulders, and strikes points of white radiance from the diamonds in her hair. Mrs. Marabout would be green with despair if she wasn't already pink with squeezing, and green and pink combined are colors

abhorred of nature.

And now the talk buzzes and hums, rises in mighty waves, to sink to well-bred murmurs, to suddenly swell to a stimulating roar, to drop, as if by a pre-concerted signal, to dire stience. Fans flutter, and the air is full of perfume and the soft rustling of crushed silk. Roulades of laughter rise and fall, and through the fluctuating of the fans there are glimpses of brill-lant eyes, shooting quick side-glances, and the sudden flash of teeth between lips parted in spasms of laughter.

laughter.

But hush, hark—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell. It is not the car ratiling on the stony street laughter.

But hush, hark—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell. It is not the car ratiling on the stony street—inveterate talkers wish that it was. It is a chord on the piano, the knell of conversation. Everybody turns plano-ward with a rustle. A young man stands beside the instrument. He is embarrassed and draws himself up, nervously gripping the bottom of his waisteoat. He is about to begin, with his glance sianting toward the music, when he suddenly bends down toward the accompanist and whispers. She listens, her eyes fixed, node wisely, and finds the place again. And now she settles herself, pushes away from the plano, and with her hands well up and spread to claw, strikes a fell blow at the kerboard. The listeners rustle encouragingly. But alas! another disappointment. She stops, frowns, purses her lips, and looks amerily under the piano at the pedals, as if to say, "Who on earth is hiding there!" The pedals meckly obey her almonitory foot, she pulls out her skirts and pushes yet further away, with a determined "Now."

But the poor performer is by this time quite dis-

mined "Now."

But the poor performer is by this time quite distraught. Every time she got herself in position, he thought that this at last was the fatal moment, and opened his lips to let the food of waiting harmony fill the welkin. Finally in answer to her ""Now," he begins "The Storm." "The tempest races wild and high"—very high, in fact, an octave too high, and the weight rings with strange tenor noies, which show the tempest's troubled state of mind. The tempest has got to be brought down somehow from its airy perch. The accompanist steps. The performer consults with her. She strikes noies and points to places in the music. Once again they take positions and this time the tempest races in the place where all right-minded tempests have heretofore raged. The audience claps and looks pleased, and the young man takes his seas, sighing and blushing.

There is an interval of talk, but soon Miss Van ousenbury, urged thereto by a gracefully genuficeting hostess takes the field. This is the eldest Miss Van Dusenbury, and she is quite a reminiscence, a pleasant one and a well kept. As she takes her stand at the plane the candie-light dwells fondly on the gleaming surfaces offered by her polished yellow knuckles, the bridge of her nose, and her elbows. She sings one of those dainty trifles on birds-it is marvellous the fascination of birds in song. And what wit they display! A bird in a ballad delivering a letter with far greater accuracy than a mail carrier is an every day occurrence, and one of the smallest achievements in the repertory of these gifted fowls. And the in the repertory of these gifted fowls. And the politeness of birds: One cannot commend it too highly. The kind, obliging way they take messages from wounded knights to obdurate ladies is a lesson by which mankind could profit. As ambassadors in all love affairs they are invariably successful, and as go, betweens, they are without peer.

Miss Van Dasenbury sings of a bird-or birdle-who sits singing on a bough, and the passing maiden—Miss Van D. alternately personates the bird and the malden—cries on the high c's " pretty, pretty bir-bir-die," and then asks the fowl "How does her Love!" The bird, without a moment's hesitation, gives the last details

then asks the fowl "How does her Love!" The bird, without a moment's hesitation, gives the last details of the Love, and Miss Van D., breaking into melodious thanks, lowers her sheet of music, bowing and blushing. As an encore she gives "My Love has gone a salling," retierating with mild possistency "My Love has gone a-salling, a-salling on the sea, to correct a mistaken impression, which dull people might entage tain, that he had gone a-salling on the land.

He is a large, heavy blonde man, and he always sings love songs in which he expresses a yearning desire to be a star, or a bird, or a floweret. His longing for ethereal proportions is almost pathetic, because it is so improbable that it will ever be safisfied. Mr. Tomple had a good business. She argued in vain with her mother, however, and discovering that her words were wasted, the damsel bethought herself of other resources. She applied to her uncle who, after a careful of the suitor, concluded to alde with his nicee, and consented to add her. Uncle and nice then went to the family paster, and without a great deal of didiculty convinced him that a want of income was not an imperable objection in the eyes of heaven or those there, is o that he consented to unite the ardent young couple.

Accordingly, one morning Miss Blank went out with all appearance of guilelessness, alleging shopping as her excuse. She met her uncie by appointment, and fogether they regaled to the church. The groom was thore with his brother as best man, while some dozon intimate friends had been gathered as witnesses; and in a brief time the knot was ited as securely as if had been done with all the parade of the most elaborate fashionable wedding.

The young couple then went to call on the mother of the groom, who favored the match, but who had been kept in ignorance of the plans of the young people that she might be spared an awkward position. She received them with the utmost cordiality, improvised a wedding breakfast, and the nawly wedded pair were started off on their bridal trip with the good wishes of enough friends to take off all appearance of loneliness from the affair. The story is not remarkable, perhaps, but it is much talked about just now, especially at Back Bay teas and the someress Club.

PAPER ROTILES. kins as a floweret is a stretch of imagination which Dickens himself would have succumbed. To-

also has a love, but she is a secondary consideration-merely an excuse for the fray. As the far-famed Irishman challenged all who stepped on the dragging talls

merely an excuse for the fray. As the far famed the man challenged all who stepped on the dragging tails of his coat, so De M. challenges passing knights in a form which modernized would read: "I bet you my girl's prettier than yours."

In the heat of battle he sings her beauty, while heats I have been to falling like leaves around him. The objection to I've Montmorency's style is that beside his propensity to sing at the most inopportune moments, he is used doubtedly given to bragging.

There is one song which he particularly affects, he ginning: "I fear no fee in shining armor"—to see Deginning: "I fear no fee in shining armor"—to see Deginning: "I fear no fee in shining armor"—to see Deginning: "I fear no fee in shining armor"—to see Deginning: "I fear no fee in shining armor"—to see Deginning: "I fear no fee in shining armor"—to see Deginning: "I fear no fee in shining armor"—to see Deginning: "I fear," then a reliterated cry, "I fear"—a pause, and I fear," then a reliterated cry, "I fear"—a pause, and the listener papitates in awful apprehension waiting to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear what it is this champion does fear—a chimora to hear the does not have to war a pause.

The relief is immore, and one's respect for De Montmorency is re-established. Fo